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Italy, before English amateurs began to buy them up. Few galleries now are without one or two pictures by this artist. There are two in the Louvre. There are several in Munich, especially "Mercury setting Argus to sleep." The Dresden Gallery possesses two pictures by this master.

### THE DAUGHTER OF MIGNARD.

ONE fine June morning, three men and a young girl were together in the Castle of St. Cloud, in the great Salon de Mars. One of these men was Louis XIV., who was advancing to age and infirmity. The second was Bloin, first *valet-de-chambre* of the king, whom the Duke of St. Simon has thus painted:—"Witty, gallant, particular, cold, indifferent, unapproachable, conceited, self-sufficient, and sometimes obstinate, always rather wicked, but not to be offended with impunity; a real personage, who had good cheer at home, who was courted by the greatest, even by members of state, who could serve his friends but rarely, and who never served any one else, and was, in fact, rather dangerous than otherwise."

The third was the celebrated artist, Pierre Mignard, the only rival of Lebrun who did not bend beneath his yoke.

The young girl was Mademoiselle Mignard, an admirable model of the young beauties and goddesses painted by her father.

At this moment, Mdlle. Mignard, who was in all the brightness of her youth and beauty, was sitting for Spring in the picture of "Apollo on his Car, surrounded by the Four Seasons"—a painting sketched by the artist in the hall it was to adorn.

Louis XIV. and Bloin were watching the work of Mignard, and were talking as familiarly as royal etiquette allowed. Suddenly the king interrupted the painter, and handed him a parchment with a large royal seal on it. It was a *brevet* of member of the Academy of Painting, founded under the auspices of Lebrun.

Louis XIV. expected Mignard to fall on his knees and pour forth enthusiastic thanks.

His surprise, and that of the courtier-valet was great, when the artist, after having read the *brevet* attentively, returned it to the monarch with a low bow, saying, however, these words, which, to the ear of the haughty king, were all but new:—

"I thank your majesty from the bottom of my soul, and I shall always feel deep gratitude to him; but I cannot sit in the academy presided over by Monsieur Lebrun."

Louis XIV. frowned, Mademoiselle Mignard turned pale, and Bloin thought his *protégé* lost for ever.

"And what academy do you intend to honour with your presence?" said the king, in that pompous tone which by his courtiers was called crushing.

"The Academy of St. Luke, which to-morrow will elect me president, and the next day will submit that election to your majesty."

Louis XIV. understood Mignard, and his pride checked the king's anger.

"Altar against altar," said the king, with an ironical smile.

"Brush against brush," replied Mignard.

"We shall see," replied the king, flattered at the rivalry of two reputations, which he considered owed their very being to his glory.

"Pardieu, my master," said he, rising to leave the room, "I admire your disdain for royal parchments; it is rare among people of your class."

This insolent remark caused the cheeks of Mademoiselle Mignard to crimson. Her beauty was now so dazzling, that the king, about to leave the room, stopped to gaze on her.

Encouraged by his admiration she spoke:—

"Sire! People of *our class* have shed their blood on the battle-field, and we merited the notice of your most illustrious ancestor."

"How was that?" said the king, coming back.

"Sir! my grandfather's name was Pierre More. He was

in the service of Henry IV., with his six brothers, all as brave as he was, and all handsome."

"Beauty is an inheritance in your family," said the king, smiling.

"One day, when our seven ancestors had fought like men, Henry IV. saw them together, and cried '*Ventre-Saint-Gris*, these are not *Moors*, but *Mignards*!' They have preserved the name, and it is nobility of which your majesty will allow us to be proud."

"I will allow you, and it depends on your father, whether or no I one day remember his ancestors. We will speak again of *my* academy and of yours. I will sit for my tenth portrait one of these days, if I am not too old!"

"Sire!" replied the painter, "I shall only have to add some more victories to the glorious list!"

The king said no more of the Academy, approved his election to that of St. Luke, and it was only at the death of Lebrun that Mignard became, the same day, academician; professor, rector, director, and chancellor of the Academy in which he had refused to sit beneath his rival. It was but two days after the scene above referred to that the king sent letters of nobility to the artist.

### MODERN BRITISH ART—THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

WHEN Turner was a rising man, and was exciting some of that notice which his eccentricities no less than his talents demanded, he sent a picture full of brilliancy and colour to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. As chance, or ignorance of the Hanging Committee, would have it—(or it might be, to be very charitable, that the size absolutely required it)—it was hung side-by-side with a very dark and sombre painting by Northcote. The latter artist, when he came to his own, upon the private view, found it literally "put out." "You might," said he to the hangers, when he indignantly remonstrated with them, "you might as well have opened a window under my picture."

The force of this remark—and Northcote was celebrated for his happy expressions,—the majority of art-students must at once perceive. The light and brilliant picture naturally attracts more than its sombre and dull pendant. The one is termed "high," and the other "low," in tone or colour, and the effect produced by hanging one by the side of the other, is termed technically "killing."

Now, for "killing" other people's pictures, some artists—and Turner was amongst the number—have a genius. His were so bright, that some one said that they were like holes cut in the wall; and Sir Francis Chantrey, on a varnishing day, which happened to be excessively cold, stopped before one of that artist's pictures, blazing with vermilion and chrome, and rubbing his hands, as if warming them at the glow, said, "Hang it, Turner, this is the most comfortable place in the room!" But even this brilliant artist could himself be killed, and in 1827, at an exhibition had the misfortune to have his "Rembrandt's Daughter," a very vivid picture, hung close to a portrait of a member of Dublin University in a scarlet gown, the effect of which was, that the Turner was "killed;" and a passer-by found that artist very busy adding red lead and vermilion to his picture, and trying to outblaze his neighbour. "Why, what are you at, Turner?" was the question. "The hangers have checkmated me," was the reply; and the artist's pencil pointed significantly to the scarlet gown of the university man.

These anecdotes we have quoted to illustrate the remarks which we are about to make concerning exhibitions. No one can have failed to observe that some pictures, carefully painted and well finished, have a weak appearance when in a gallery of newly-painted pictures, which they have not when looked at alone. They are hung, it is very possible, near a picture which is high in tone, and which boasts a very brilliant colour. The picture which *kills* its rival is painted, doubtless, by an "income-seeking" artist, who knows very well that a bril-